LAUDES VIRTUTIS

AND OTHER

POEMS



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Aus wie vielen Elementen
Soll ein ächtes Lied sich nähren,
Daß es Laien gern empfinden,
Meister, es mit Freuden hören?—*Goethe.*

Laudes Virtutis,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

REV. J. P. CAREY.



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Dedication.

TO

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BY

THE AUTHOR.

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LAUDES VIRTUTIS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Laudes Virtutis.

I.



ING, heavenly Muse, with wonted power
Thy inspiration's worthiest theme—
The peace, the joy, the bliss supreme
That make up Virtue's regal dower.

Hail! solace of a desolate world,
Sufficing balm for every woe,
The panacea for ills below
Where Sorrow hath her badge unfurled.

Sweet Consolation owes to thee
Whatever bliss the heart holds dear,
Whatever pulse, disowning fear,
Beats placid with tranquillity.

When lowers the sky in dark travail,
And, livid as the lightning's glare,
Appears in view the ghoul Despair
Thy star invites as beacon-hail.

No phantom hope is that fond gleam
Whose vista opes the golden bourne
Where happy most who most do mourn,
And life 's no more an exile dream;

Whose light more brightening e'er doth shine
Where murkiest clouds infest the night,
And Faith maintains victorious fight
Till crowned with vision all divine.

II.

Religion owns thee as her friend—
Her dowered friend of high degree—
Allied to Truth, first mystery,
Th' Almighty Father without end,

Who by His grace enricheth well,
Delivering from the thousand snares
Which cross our path and, unawares,
Within our hearts as gnaw-worms dwell.

O Virtue fair, whose radiant mien
Doth fill Hyperion's golden horn,
When looms in view the fragrant morn
We choose thee of our souls the queen,

Whose incense wings its flight alone
Where Gratitude's more fervid strains
Attest Jehovah's righteous claims
In meek Thanksgiving's solemn tone.

III.

What can excel thy merit's prize?
A hundredfold of temporal gain,
Eternal tide of blissful reign,
Thy royalty of sacrifice!

In vain doth Victory's lustrous star
Enrich the sheen of warrior's crest;
A brighter gem, and far more bless'd,
Art thou, the arbitress of war.

Far dearer thy expiring ray,
 The sunset gleam of liberty,
 Than pageant pomp with slavery
Which makes the vassal's golden day.

Tho' vanquished, still thou livest on,
 Thy patience weaving merit's crown
 Eternal as thy fame's renown,
Thy seeming victors serfs become.

What earth can give doth soon decay,
 Unless thy spirit breathe within
 And free the soul from blight of sin,
Enduing with perennial sway.

Thine is the bloom of holy youth,
 Resplendent gleams thy virgin brow,
 Handmaid of God, thou seem'st to glow
With His eternal wisdom's truth.

IV.

'Tis only thou who canst outlive
 The barren homage of the great,
 The pride and pomp of mundane state,
With all the honors these can give.

Who dares but symbols all employ,—
 Heraldic trappings of an hour,
 The lures of ill-begotten power,—
As baser metals for alloy?

And yet methinks these are excused,
 While use approves the social mark,
 As men agree that dogs may bark
Lest they betimes fall out misused.

For aught beside they are but dross,
 And, like the vermin that survives
 Within the bowels of him who dies,
They thrive upon the common loss.

But Virtue hath no selfish aim
 To blazon forth, save as the queen
 Of love without, of bliss within,
She reigns the universal gain,

The labarum of those who strive
 For victory in the gracious name
 That frees the world from sin and shame,
That frees the heart and makes it live.

V.

But lift the veil, and let us see
 What hidden beauty blooms beyond
 The golden horizon, that bounds
The vision of true liberty;—

Where angels sing for evermore,
 Despite rare knowledge, still confess
 They e'er their nothingness, and bless
The sovereign mercy to adore,

While cherubim with wing abase
 Their vision of the Holy One,—
 Unworthy their trisagion
To herald forth due meed of praise.

So praise we, too, but not in word,
 For words becloud the flooding light
 Where Adoration looms in sight
To glorify the sovereign Lord.

Thy vision, Lord, we know 's confined
 To Thy dread Self and such alone
 As worship 'round Thy gracious throne,
Where infinite Thou art enshrined;

Whose love assumes meek Virtue's form,
 Responsive to the needs of man,
 Who looked for help, but looked in vain
Till sunburst rove the wrecking storm;

And Sin gave up in sullen mood
 The long inheritance of Death,
 And Life reclaimed thro' conquering Faith
Full victory o'er Perdition's brood,

And Hope emerged, refulgent star,
 The Orient of life's festive day,
 The beacon whose accepted ray
Dispels all darkness near and far.

VI.

This be the Hope which in us dwells,
 That buoys within the soul's distress,
 And leavens all our loneliness
When Grief the plaint of Anguish knells;

Where'er Devotion's brightening tear
 Doth soothe our nature's pangs that dart
 Their crucifixion through the heart
Around Affection's altar bier,

Uniting ties so rudely torn,
As angel smote the stifling gloom
Which brooded 'round the Saviour's tomb
On Resurrection's glorious morn;

When Gratitude meet homage paid
To Him whose virtue, thus confessed,
Hath made our hope for ever blessed,
And makes us rich in mercy's aid.

As faithful we, with souls as pure,
To join our thanks; let jubilee
Dilate all hearts with ecstasy,
That love and bliss may like endure.

VII.

But it lies hidden in a maze,
This power of new-begotten life,
And men award to lawless strife
The tribute due to grateful praise.

How oft bereaved affection's home,
Where mother's love but wakes to sighs,
And slumbering, raves in elegies
The wantonness of ingrate son!

A father's sanguine nature glad
As with light quips he used to toy
And proudly stroke his darling boy,—
But now, unmanned, he is quite mad;

And sisters' weal their woe become,
What sorrow dims Hope's radiant eye!
What soul awakes that piercing cry?
Despairing shriek of ruined home!

'Tis thus that Youth's sad folly rears
Destruction in his headlong course,
And wastes the waters at their source
Which should have made the fruitful years.

VIII.

Or does there seem some greater need
Of guarantee at manhood's tide?
Lest faithlessness quite override
The fruitage in its harvest seed—

Some kernel of a golden clime,
Fecund of holier progeny,
More cognate with deep mystery,
Designed for a diviner time—

When angels might not sing in vain,
Nor vain be seen the Deity,
But Nature's chant of harmony
Had still rejoiced the grateful reign,

And Earth and Heaven's commingling strain
Inspired such transports pure and free,
That, blended in joint symphony,
No heart but felt the kin refrain.

IX.

And yet, methinks, 'twere strange divide
Where love nor grief knew passion's tear;
What heroes were there to revere
If all were bliss and naught beside?

How dear to Sion the sacred tears
Of captive sons on Babylon's shore!
The grandest trophy of her store—
The tribute of those exile years.

As dear to her the least refrain
Whence Memory sighs her plaintive lays,
As royal strain of anthem-praise,
Proclaiming 'loud her glory's reign.

Enough that man received of yore
 Divinest reason to excel,
 With grace to do each action well,
And so augment his merit's store;

That not one soul implores in vain
 The benison of saintly prize;
 That not one thought of sacrifice
But merits everlasting gain.

When Desolation smites the heart
 'Tis Mercy sways the chastening rod;
 When true Compunction points to God,
'Tis through His Spirit's flaming dart.

X.

Let meek Repentance tribute find,
 And glory crown her valiant mien,
 That, risen from the grave of sin,
She lives renewed in heart and mind.

Her spirit knows not envy's scorn;
 Whatever will her steps beguiled,
 Whatever taint her soul defiled,
Regen'rate now her faith's new-born.

Aside, is seen the conscious tear
 Which sorrow taught to flow at will,
 And, like the dew's refreshing rill
Which drought hath rendered doubly dear,

The parching winds of apathy
 Invite the flow as welcome grace,
 Where men most struggle to deface
The fruit of God's bless'd sympathy.

Unlike the world doth Christ reprove
 But such as persevere in sin,
 And seeks the more *their* souls to win,
Meet trophies of his mighty love.

XI.

Oh! be our lives conformed to His,
 The Shepherd of the faithful fold,
 Whose meekness, of divinest mould,
Exemplifies such gentleness.

The bruisèd reed He does not break,
 He guerdons for the smoking flax;
 Nor knows his Spirit to relax
Like kind exertions for our sake.

Thou Advocate before the throne
 Outpouring prayers with deaf'ning cry,
 As quickened death on Calvary,
Responsive to each searching tone,

So plead for us that, at thy voice
 Within our hearts, we may fulfil
 Thy high behests, our Father's will,
And find it e'er our paradise.

Be thou our brother, saviour, king,
 That no transgression may efface
 The covenant of saving grace
That robs of Death his dreaded sting.

Unfailing source of sympathy,
 Where proud Disdain, with cynic sneer,
 Embitters more misfortune's tear,
Thou heed'st the plaint of misery.

XII.

If Virtue e'er hath power confessed,
 Oh! may it be when callous Pride
 Disdains to stem temptation's tide
Within the penitential breast,

That not one tear be vainly shed
Whence Grace, from her celestial bowers,
Would fain recall the guileless hours
Ere life's best hopes were visions fled.

The rain which tides the floods of spring
Still showers its blessings in the fall;
The sun, which gives his light to all,
Are types of holier offering:

The aid divine so bounteous given
To tranquillize the troubled heart,
To heal with balm each wounded part,
Attracting man to hope and heaven.

O'er ev'ry land are genial skies,
Inviting to the tranquil shore
Of bliss more perfect than before,
The soul athirst for Virtue's prize.

And shall the dew of grace be sent
In vain to hearts whose sore distress
Hath greater need of tenderness
To make Despair his hold relent?

For this He came, the Sinless One,
To seek the sheep without the fold,
To woo it with a love untold,
And make the lost one e'er His own.

XIII.

'Tis not of Virtue to despise
The yearnings of the stricken breast,
For these pure longings for God's rest
Are fraught with love and sacrifice.

If man 's redeemed let love prevail,
For love 's redemption's crowning boon,
Like the silv'ry radiance of the moon,
Whose lustre falls on hill and vale.

But Spite invades the sacred shrine
Where Virtue blooms with peace and love,
And, like the lightning from above,
Which smites and fells the stately pine,

It fills with gall the gaping wound,
It goads with venom-barbèd words,
It rends affection's tenderest cords,
It strangles brethren on the ground.

And this is deemed a boon to cheer
Where Virtue should protection find,
Entrenched within the prudent mind,
Enshrined with rev'rence to endear;

As when a friend gainsays withal,
The confidence at first inspired,
Whose friendship, once by all desired,
Dishonored lies, ambition's thrall.

XIV.

But zeal inflames, nor yet consumes;
It lights within the ardent fires
Of faith's ennobling mysteries,
Whose glow is not mephitic fumes.

To disesteem the equipoise
Of Mercy in the scale of right,
Where Love and Justice close unite,
Is not humane nor saintly wise.

For Mercy ever kindly wrought,
No soul but once her power awoke
T' avert the dire avenging stroke
Of disaffection from the heart.

For man is cast in godly mould,
To Him so like in heart and mind
Who is eternal love divined
In all His works so manifold;

Save that he hardly seemeth ripe
Where love discerns, but yields apace
To ev'ry selfish commonplace
That contradicts his prototype.

The slave of sensuous passion's power,
He disregards high Mercy's call,
Nor once adverts what may befall
His sov'reign weal in one brief hour.

XV.

Whatever law there is ordained
To guard our steps 'gainst lurking snare,
To nerve our will 'gainst mad despair,
Has been by bounteous mercy framed.

For passion balks man's freeborn course;
Left unrestrained by sober rein,
It vents its vehemence in vain,
And finds destruction at its source.

How else explain the quick decline
Of Rome's proud eagle from the height
Where, perched with Fame, his talons might
Defy for aye the storming brine,

Had not Ambition's soaring wing,
With fell Corruption following near,
Usurped control of loyal Fear
And then imbued the fatal sting?

As well for empires in their prime,
'Tis Virtue crowns each high renown
Of private glory that comes down,
Increasing with the tide of time.

XVI.

Obedience is the harvest prize
Which they receive who first have sown
The patient seed which, riper grown,
Is husbandry to make men wise.

It is the mainspring of all life
To constitute the finite will
Within its sphere, and to fulfil
Beneficence precluding strife.

Where Industry enduring plies
 Her round of toil in quest of ease,
 Or Isolation sues release
With Expectation's pleading eyes,

Her oracle affords relief
 In many a tender, loving tone,
 Inspires with hope each desolate one,
And dissipates the cloud of grief.

What gladness crowns her swift days here!
 Inured to vigils and to toil,
 She cultivates the genial soil
Of virtue for a brighter sphere,

And garners soon the golden prize
 Of virtuous worth, than treasured Ind
 The trophy dearer to the mind,
Enduring whole eternities;

Where more no sin nor dolor's frown
 The reign of Virtue may molest,
 Whose glories are for ever bless'd,
Where saintliness is perfect grown,

Nor self-demeaned in retrospect
Of Nature's vile ignominy,
But vindicates th' autonomy
Of Providence and law perfect.

XVII.

Vain's Emulation to befriend
Chivalrous hearts of gallant youth,
Or minds athirst for Freedom's truth;
Virtue alone can crown the end.

Nor art nor eloquence excels,
Nor lore acquirèd in the schools,
How far sought e'er the science of rules,
If higher wisdom nowhere dwells!

For Vice may ne'er usurp the place
Of Virtue for the heart and mind,
While common end to both 's assigned,
And Virtue rules with sov'reign grace.

Yet men parade vain sophistries
Of systems most empirical,
Nor reck they what may chance befall
The dupes of their weird phantasies.

Shall God and Nature be divorced,
And law in chaos all be lost,
If fools impugn at their own cost
The order o'er the realms enforced ;

And e'en array all science profane
'Gainst higher truth and saving grace!
As if, forsooth, words could erase
The wonders of Jehovah's reign ;

Or e'er detract one jot of praise
Which all creation in acclaim
Awards to magnify His name
Who is, who was, and rules always.

XVIII.

Divine handmaid, hail ! virgin Peace,
Unwedded yet to earthly care,
Of vision beauteous, heaven-fair,
Who giv'st to man his heart's surcease.

Who most esteems thy priceless dower,
Who most discerns thy saving worth,
Who, sooth, save him that first went forth,
To serve the Tempter's blighting power ?

Let prodigals' tears repentant tell
What honor lies in wealth and fame,
What sorrow writhes the heart, what shame,
Since first allured by siren spell.

Thou art, O Lord! the life divine.
Thy love hath one unchanging voice,
It favors not a double choice,
It doth not cast its pearls to swine.

Thy Peace, great Lord, doth much abound
With clean of heart, and such alone
May ever hope around Thy throne
To hear her joyous pæans resound.

XIX.

Thy mandate hath unfailing light
To shed around our wanderings here;
Vouchsafe Thy ministering angel near
To guard our steps by day, by night.

Magnificent Thy virtue's name;
How great Thou art Thy works attest.
Oh! be Thy mercies ever blessed
Which usher into hearts Thy reign—

The reign of peace when trouble 's nigh,
The reign of hope for joy to come,
The reign of love, perfection's sum,
The gracious reign of Thee, Most High.

Ineffable Thy Majesty.
Bow down, ye peoples, own His power;
See Nature's conscious tempest lower,
Appalled before Divinity.

Desired of nations, haste to free
Our captive souls enslaved by sin;
Thy virtuous truth its reign begin,
Which best secures our liberty.

The Dragon seeks in vain for prey,
And Hell doth countless victims miss,
Since Peace and Justice meet to kiss,
And Earth and Heaven Thy will obey.

XX.

Almighty Lord, who dost foresee
The divers whims of passion wrought,
The divers sins of deed and thought
Which alienate the heart from Thee,

Illume us with Thy perfect law,
The mercies of its reign bestow,
Our faithful dower, that we may grow
In wisdom, love, and solemn awe;

That not in vain our sufferings here,
Whose every pang but tells the woe
And agony of hearts below
That have not known Thy Father's cheer—

That, mourners here, we may not miss
The meed of faith's allotted praise,
But glorify Thy works and ways,
Who crownest grief with endless bliss;

That, as around Thy gracious throne
Thy angels laud Thee face to face,
We may be faithful to Thy grace,
And e'en like them Thy praise intone,

Beseeching that Thy will be done,
By all who here Thy name confess,
By us who languish in distress,
Almighty Spirit, Three in One.

A Christmas Legend.

I.



ARK! 'tis the hour of Yule midnight
And solemn silence fills the earth;
The heavens reveal a beacon-light
Announcing near the Messiah's birth,
As Micheas had the tidings told:
"A royal Shoot of Jesse's seed,
Shall rise and rule a faithful fold;
His word divine the soul shall feed,
Of David's line the first proud stem
Whose race hath chosen Bethlehem."

II.

Lo! angels, wondering, hover near,
And pæans resound in fervid strain;
How great the sense of reverent fear
Inspires the anthem's glad refrain!

In earth or heaven naught may compare
With this transporting harmony,
Whose accents bold the demons dare,
Proclaiming Mercy's jubilee—
Whence Peace and Justice haste to kiss,
Redeeming man out sin's abyss.

III.

Meek shepherds see the heavens aglow,
And hear the choral symphony;
Their minds and hearts, ecstatic now,
Divine the godly mystery.
So haste they with accord to greet
Him Prince of Peace who conquers hell,
To pay Him homage the most meet
Who comes their souls' Emmanuel;
Nor flag their steps till Bethlehem's stall
In adoration sees them fall.

IV.

And *Magi* from a distant land,
Familiar with astrologic lore,
The star descry, refulgent, grand,
More lustrous than e'er shone before.

"This be a prodigy!" they cry,
"Designed for us and Gentiles all
To lead us to sure victory
Which sin or death may ne'er enthrall.
'Tis grace resplendent, Heaven-sent,
Salvation's boon, the Orient.

V.

"Then hence away; 'tis meet to explore
The course of yon celestial ray,
A beacon sure as that of yore
Whence Israel fled the tyrant's sway.
No barriers here obstruct our path,
By Heaven illumed 'gainst guile and snare;
In vain essays diabolic wrath
To thwart our steps, in Heaven's care;
Where'er it be, His natal shrine,
There let's adore the Babe divine."

VI.

So spoke Melchior, senior lord,
Whose converse was the most austere;
And all obeyed the prudent word,
So worthy of Arabia's seer.

They forthwith seek the destined goal,
Led by the star's refulgent ray,
Whose mystic light still 'lumes the soul,
And still points out the pilgrim's way,
Nor fails to impart its wonted cheer
Till to Jerusalem's gate they near.

VII.

When lo! despite their intent gaze,
Which, anxious, seeks the beacon fair,
They naught descry, save murky haze
Which typifies their hearts' despair.
"Ours be no crime of deed or thought
Which Heaven would seem to disallow;
If faith thus far our progress wrought,
Has hope no homage to bestow?"
So spake Melchior to the twain,
Assuaging disappointment's pain.

VIII.

With zeal more ardent now inflamed,
As if, forsooth, the star without
But changed its place and inly gleamed
Within their souls, they tend *en route*

To Herod's court, quite undismayed,
And least suspecting guile, they tell
Their wondrous tale: what they essayed,
On Heaven's summons, what befell
Their hopes when from the firmament
Vanished the light divinely sent.

IX.

But Herod, jealous of his power, [grace,
More curious waxed; then, with feigned
Enquires each circumstance—the hour
Of the phenomenon, the place
Of its apparition, nor cares
But to regale his guests with cheer.
With royal peers he friendship shares;
Their piety, sooth, he must revere—
Oh! that the seers would haste t'explore,
That he with them might, too, adore.

X.

And now the priests unanimous tell
Where the Messiah must be born:
Not in Salèm where kings revel,
But in Bethlèm obscure and lorn.

"That be your goal," the Idumean said—
"Thither your royal course pursue;
My greeting bear, nor be afraid
Here to return, should aught prove true,
That I, too, go, as 'tis most meet,
With solemn rite His birth to greet.

XI.

Thus reassured, the kings withdraw;
A buoyant zeal now makes them one;
Unconscious dread, preventing awe,
Become incarnate, urge them on;
Nor seem to walk, but, winged, fly,
As Him they near who all hath made,
Omnipotence their panoply;
Nor more have need of impious aid—
The clarion light doth reappear,
Whence they divine the goal is near.

XII.

Lo! now the star diviner glows,
And from an eminence downpours
Celestial radiance, which bestows
Attractions in ambrosial showers.

What treasures thence now radiate
 Of light divine, atoning grace,
Enriching mankind's lowliest state
 With faith and hope, potent to trace
The life of God in heart and mind,
The love of God in Christ enshrined!

XIII.

They, reverent, enter. In amaze
 They contemplate the holy grot.
Not as Mosès, the bush ablaze,
 See they God's presence in that spot:
No fear appalls nor sense deceives
 Where light and grace more obvious blend;
What sense discerns their faith conceives,
 While they in adoration bend
And haste to bring their loyal prize
Of Saba's gifts in sacrifice.

XIV.

'Tis gold Melchior deemeth best
 To symbolize the Messiah's sway,
For ever feared, for ever blessed,
 Whose glory knows not earth's decay—

To typify the mystic birth
Of charity within the heart,
The peerless boon of heaven to earth,
The Trinity's divinest dart,
Whose Spirit, sent, doth all things move,
Renewing souls with life and love.

XV.

Gasper, in turn, with solemn grace,
Presents his offering sublime,
Peculiar to the priestly race,
Ennobling every age and clime.
Hail, Frankincense! than ointment poured
Which once descended Aaron's beard;
More precious thou whom Bethlem's Lord
Hath by acceptance so endeared;
While prayer ascends from contrite heart,
Or altar smokes, thrice bless'd thou art.

XVI.

Balthassar now his gift bestows
Of myrrh, the bitterest of its kind,
Virtuous to embalm with aloës,
Fragrant withal, to sense refined.

This gift symbolic, sooth, foreshows
The world's redemption and the prize
Of grace which crowns terrestrial woes
When meekly borne, Faith's sacrifice,
Whence vital grows the Holy Rood,
In fragrant streams of Precious Blood.

* * * * *

XVII.

And forth they sing a hymn of praise
In Simeon's grateful strain,
To magnify His works and ways
Who comes o'er souls to reign—
The mystery so wondrous wrought
Of Mercy's sovereign power,
Who from the heavens salvation brought
To bless them in that hour!

XVIII.

Their joy vibrates and, thrilling, swells
In choral symphony;
The Lord their God, who with them dwells,
Rewards their harmony,

And for their prize rare blessing gives:
The first-fruits of His birth,
The "better gifts," which who receives
Contemns the gifts of earth.

XIX.

He gives them peace and unity
Transcending sense mundane;
He gives them royal victory,
Which lets them kings remain;
Confirms their faith, perfects their love,
Completes His reign within,
A foretaste breathes of joys above,
Preserving them from sin.

XX.

The Magi press a tender kiss
On the Infant's beauteous face,
And find therein ecstatic bliss,
The communion of His grace.
The contact hath a sweet accord
Seraphs are wont to feel
When lowly bowed before their Lord
With thoughts no words reveal.

XXI.

They take no leave ; what can divide
 Their Jesus from their breast ?
He bides with them, and e'er shall bide,
 By faith and love possessed.
Nor more they ask when journeying far
 Which way salvation lies ;
The light divine of Jacob's star
 Is their eternal prize.

Acrostic.

I.



ESUS, Saviour, life bestowing,
Endless be Thy gracious reign!
Send Thy mystic fire aglowing
Unto souls, there to remain;
Send Thy Heart, assuaging pain.

II.

Conceived within chaste Virgin's womb,
Honored by seraphic choirs,
Risen from sepulchral gloom,
Jesus quickens pure desires;
Sacrifice of saving grace,
Thy blood, Jesu, doth sin efface.

To Our Most Holy Father, Pius IX.,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

I.

SET Music now her sacred chant
Of praise intone, and Harmony
Attune her sister choirs to grant
Their fullest meed of symphony ;
For Gratitude the pæan inspires,
And overflows with sympathy
To celebrate with pious desires
Our sainted Pontiff's jubilee.

II.

Lo ! fifty years his sacred brow,
As jewelled crown of Israel's King,
Hath never ceased on earth to glow,
Nor wake within all hearts the sting

Of deep compunction for their sins,
And thanksgiving, the grateful meed
Of more than Jesse's sceptred seed.

III.

Hail, blessed day! whose luminous sun
Eclipses by his dazzling ray
The brightest trophies Fame hath won
From Father Time's imperious sway;
A nobler glory crowns thee now,
Resplendent gleam of pristine youth,
Reflecting on thy sacred brow,
The tiara of godlike Truth.

IV.

Our Pontiff, Pius, hail to thee!
First of the fold, vicegerent, lord,
Till time shall cease our surety
Through faith in Christ's confirming word.
Unconquered e'er, triumphing grace
Awards thee fullest victory;
Well may our hearts exult to trace
The claims of thy nobility.

V.

Inspired of Him who always spake,
With power and grace as none before
Nor since, till doom knows how to break,
The all mysterious saving lore,
Thou speakest, and from farthest zone,
Where angels the glad tidings wing,
The welkin wakes to rapture's tone
In greeting to thee, Pontiff-king.

* * * * *

VI.

They come, the shepherds of the fold,
Allied to thee in unity,
With zeal inspirèd, to uphold
The prerogatives of thy virtuous See,
That all may know thy sacred reign
And, reverent, bow with faith profound,
That o'er the earth the glad refrain
Of harmony may e'er resound.

VII.

Good shepherd thou of sheep and lambs,
Thou openest pastures rich and sweet,

Thou feedest with thy own loved hands,
Providest e'er a safe retreat;
That wolf or ravenous beast of prey
May ne'er surprise thy tender care,
Thou watchest faithfully alway,
And wilt its every danger share.

VIII.

Most noble son, first client thou
Blessed Mary's praise to celebrate,
Thy ministering work that 'round her brow
Gleams a new star—the *Immaculate*—
That far off lands, illumined now,
May contemplate her radiant mien,
Till, charmèd by the unrivaled glow,
They, too, proclaim her glorious Queen

IX.

Infallible, thy voice declares
The truths of Faith unerringly;
To rid the wheat of blightsome tares
Thy zeal goes forth untiringly.

O sacred Vicar! to thee the keys
Of sovereignty by Christ were given,
To ope the golden gates of Peace,
Admitting to the joys of Heaven.

X.

Blessed Pilot thou, no surging tide
May e'er engulf thy bark's white sail;
Each impious storm thou dost o'erride—
'Tis only thou who canst not fail!
The wand of God's high Providence,
Thou smitest rocks in Egypt's land
Whence flow salvation and defence,
The trophies of thy meek command.

XI.

Hail, Pontiff Pius! gracious name,
That makes all hearts rejoice with thine;
May, too, all tongues aloud proclaim
The triumphs of the Truth divine,
Whose words thou hast endued with grace
To illume our minds, the world to free,
To enrich our souls, redeem our race,
And crown thy work with jubilee.

Metrical Rendition of the Canticle of the Three Children.

I.

BLESS the Lord, all ye His Works,
extol Him evermore.
Bless the Lord, angelic Choirs; ye
Heavens high, adore.
Bless the Lord, ye Waters all o'er firmament's expanse.
Bless the Lord, ye Powers sublime, His virtuous might enhance.
Bless the Lord, O Sun and Moon! ye Stars empyrèan, bless.
Bless the Lord, ye quickening Showers; ye Spirits all, confess.
Bless the Lord, elemental Heat of every known degree.
Bless the Lord, all Frost and Snow, Icebergs in Polar sea.

Bless the Lord, ye Nights and Days in alternating course.
Bless the Lord, ye wintry Gales, resounding weird and hoarse.
Bless the Lord, the Earth entire, the sovereign, gracious Lord.
Bless the Lord, Creator all, by His all-puissant word.

II.

Bless the Lord, ye Mounts and Hills, ye Valleys and ye Plains.
Bless the Lord, ye Founts and Rills, ye Rivers, Seas, and Mains.
Bless the Lord, ye finny Schools that animate the deep.
Bless the Lord, ye feathered Tribes that through the welkin sweep.
Bless the Lord, dumb creatures all of borough and of glen.
Bless the Lord right royally, ye lords of nature, Men.

III.

Bless the Lord, O Israel! Who girt thee with
His might,
And placed thee over Sion to herald His De-
light.
Bless the Lord, ye Priests elect, inheritance
divine.
Bless the Lord, His servants all, whose works
conspicuous shine.
Bless the Lord, ye spirits pure, souls righte-
ous of the just.
Bless the Lord, His holy ones, all hearts of
simple trust.

IV.

Thou art for ever blessed in heaven's vaulted
sky,
By creatures all confessed with rapturous
symphony.
Thy wisdom's works to praise we, too, with
voice contend,
And greet thee Lord always, our Sovereign
and Friend.

Supplication.

I.



ET not, O Lord! Thy sword of justice fall;
Regard us gracious with Thy mercy's eye,
Though sinners great, we fain as children call
On Thee, our Father, for loving sympathy;
Exalted 'bove the spheres, Creator all,
Thou art almighty, hear Thou our suppliant cry.

II.

From nothing hast Thou made whatever is
Or moves in range of universal space;
Thy Providence sustaineth all that lives,

And quickens hearts Thy virtues here to trace ;
Take pity, Lord, not whole eternities
May e'er exhaust Thy Mercy's saving grace.

III.

Thy people, we, released from dire distress,
Have shared Thy bounty through many a devious way,
Yet, stiff-necked all, we spurned Thy faithfulness
And wandered far from Thy commands astray ;
Nor hast Thou yet withdrawn Thy beacon ray,
Thy shekinah that cheers our loneliness.

Thanksgiving Day.

I.

ALL o'er the land let tongues proclaim,
With conscience - gladdening power,
The copious fruits of peaceful reign
Vouchsafed by Mercy's power,
To wrest our minds from things mundane,
To free our hearts from sinful stain,
And heavenly blessings shower.

II.

Aloft the soul in jubilee,
Where purer joys belong,
And saints, communing lovingly,
Intone the festive song;
Where, rapt in blissful ecstasy,
Rejoicing in sweet symphony,
The Choirs their notes prolong.

III.

Around Religion's altar throne,
By every ill oppressed,
Is heard arise the suppliant tone
Of sorrow-stricken breast—
The prodigal wailing misdeeds done
Since erst he left his father's home,
Where now he sighs for rest.

IV.

"O Father, let thy mercy plead
For my weak, helpless state;
Refuse me not thy children's meed
However vile, ingrate;
Thine outstretched arms invite my speed,
Thy Providence, full store in need,
Can save me from my fate.

V.

"I thank Thee for the goodness wrought
On every tribe and tongue,
The riches of Thy love far-brought,
To prove devotion strong;

Thy potent grace, illuming thought,
Thy virtuous peace, enshrining hearts
In glory's brightening sun!

VI.

"I thank Thee for Thy will ordained
To bless eternally,
Thy sovereign law to man proclaimed,
Uniting him to Thee;
Oh! may all hearts, with love inflamed,
Exult to feel that Thou hast rained
Salvation's jubilee!"

VII.

Let Thanksgiving meet praise resound,
To bless the sovereign Lord,
Who makes His riches e'er abound
By His enduring word;
Whose Providence doth need confound,
Makes plenty smile the earth around,
Where'er His name 's adored.

VIII.

And peoples all His glory sing,
 Whose mercies from above
Are freighted blessings on the wing,
 Fair argosies of love;
The welkin with glad anthems ring,
While Earth and Heaven joint tribute bring
 And grateful homage prove.

Saint Francis.

I.

HAIL! saint of God, whose virtue told
Awakes the joyful strains of old,
When prophet touched the slumbering lyre
And anthem's swell each note inspired;
Receive our vows, thy favor lend,
Who art our patron, guide, and friend.

II.

Thy name, blessed Francis, life endears,
As grace divine the sinner's tears;
As sunburst's rays to struggling morn,
Thy spirit cheers mankind forlorn;
As flaming fire each inmost part,
Thy zeal aglow consumes the heart.

III.

Thy faith subdues the tempest's storm,
Thence evil hath no power to harm;
Thy counsel quickens hope's dull ray
To brightness of eternal day—
When faith and hope shall cease to be,
But love shall reign eternally.

IV.

Now, Holy Church exults to praise
The glory which is thine always;
While angels, vying, 'round thee pour
To reverence, while they adore
The Paraclete, whose sapient darts
Transfix with joy thy children's hearts.

We Praise thy Name, Jehovah.

I.

WE praise Thy name, Jehovah,
We greet Thee Sovereign Lord,
The Author of all nature,
By Heaven and Earth adored.

II.

While we, Thy power confessing,
Proclaim aloud Thy praise,
Vouchsafe us all a blessing—
Thy gracious aid always.

III.

Our Father, truly faithful,
Whose word hath wonders wrought,
Oh! make us duly grateful
To serve Thee as we ought.

IV.

Our Saviour meek and lowly,
Our Shepherd when we stray,
Who, from Thy throne of glory,
Doth point salvation's way!

V.

Thy wisdom, deep divining,
Retrieves our every loss;
Thy love, our hopes enshrining,
Endears us to Thy cross.

VI.

O Spirit! breathing ever
The plenitude of love,
Impart to us the treasure
Of peace that reigns above.

VII.

Let no rude foe assail us,
Defending here the right;
But joy divine regale us
In Thee, Supreme Delight.



Thou Spirit, Lord.

I.

THOU Spirit, Lord, whose power, confessed,
By Nature's realms of boundless space,
Invites mankind to glory's feast,
Where faithful reigns Thy mercy's grace,
We hail Thee all-Beneficent—
Dispensing out Thy bounteous hands
Salvation's balm to bleeding wounds.

II.

Thy heavens rain the Holy One,
Whose splendor, veiled in lowliness,
Conceals the bright, effulgent sun
Of wisdom, might, and holiness;

But earth grows conscious through His
name,
While angels sing the Excelsis strain,
And Grace and Truth for ever reign.



Grace.

I.

THY grace, great Lord, hath power alone
To light the heart in dark despair;
When earth's vain joys as dreams have flown,
This beacon gleams divinely fair.

II.

The brightest day at eve declines,
And darkness shrouds the earth and main;
The soul bereft of grace repines,
And feels the sense of mortal pain.

III.

This gift doth every blessing bring,
As key unlocks the golden sphere;
It opes to view perennial spring,
Enlivened with celestial cheer.

IV.

Then, dearest Lord, emit the ray
Of saving grace, that in its light
Our acts may glow till glory's day
Conducts us to Thy vision bright.

Ave, Maria.

I.

AVE, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Oh! hear thy children's prayer,
Whose hearts and voices all
Invoke thine aid 'gainst sinful snare,
Obedient to thy call;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Sustain us ere we fall.

II.

Behold, with footsteps weary,
We've sought thy sacred shrine,
No toil nor journeying dreary
Hath made our souls repine;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
We hail thee Queen divine!

III.

All nature's beauties cluster
And feast the sunlit air,
But thy more genial lustre
Illumes the heart's despair;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Of creatures the most fair!

IV.

Tempestuous storms confounding,
Thou art the beacon star;
The notes of Mars resounding,
The labarum of war;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Our refuge from afar!

V.

What though our hearts in sorrow
Are lowly laid in dust,
We'll pray that each to-morrow
May find us still more just;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Our citadel of trust!

VI.

O Mother! ever gracious,
Accept our love's refrain,
And where thou art do take us,
That we may see thee reign;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Protect us on the main!

VII.

O Virgin meek and gentle!
What virtues rise in thee,
The arc of Sion's temple,
Immaculate and free;
Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!
Our star of land and sea!



Acrostic—Holy Ghost.

I.

OLY Spirit, haste to aid us;
On Thy grace we all depend;
Let Thy unction deep pervade us,
Youth and age alike befriend.

II.

Gracious Spirit, rich in blessing,
Hallowed be Thy heaven-sent dart;
Order-breathing, love-confessing,
Septiformal gift Thou art;
Thine be the homage of each heart.

A Prayer.

I.



THOU Spirit increate,
Whose glory ever reigns,
With harmony proclaims
Thy being matchless great!

II.

We worship at Thy shrine,
Where holiness is meet,
With contrite hearts to greet
Thee Lord of life divine.

III.

In every time and place
The faithful prayer is heard;
Thy Spirit plenteous poured
To enrich with saving grace.

IV.

Oh ! hear Thy suppliants now ;
Let penitential tears
Efface their sins and fears ;
Make them in wisdom grow.

V.

Make all in virtue thrive,
Let mercy bounteous shine
On us who here repine,
That we may love and live !

VI.

Then, Father, bless always ;
May every work here done
Redound to Thee alone
As canticle of praise.

St. Patrick's Day.

I.

A DAY of joy has come again,
Dear Erin, 'tis for thee;
Thine exile sons forget their pain
'Mid festive jubilee.

II.

Saint Patrick lights thy Tara's fire,
With an unwonted flame;
And Faith divine attunes thy lyre
To gracious deeds of fame.

III.

A glory bright now crowns thy head
With virtue's noblest sheen,
Meet homage to the martyred dead
Whose mother thou hast been.

IV.

That light divine illumes thy brow
With majesty sublime,
And mankind all thy worth avow
In every age and clime—

V.

Thy zeal impassioned in the cause
To God and country dear,
Where Justice 'wards her sacred laws
To exemplars sincere.

VI.

Thy prowess, which on many a field
The proudest trophies won,
The prestige of thy Brian's shield
Still gleaming in the sun!

VII.

The lustre of thy golden age
When, seeking purer lore,
Science invoked thy learnèd page,
And Europe sought thy shore.

VIII.

Religion, shedding saving light,
From Heaven's empyrean throne,
Discovers in thy virtuous sight
A likeness all her own.

IX.

Devotion of thy myriad saints
With bliss beatic crowned,
Whose lives so free from sinful taints
Have made thy name renowned.

X.

The trophies of thy gratitude,
Thy towers and temples grand,
Which stand sublime in solitude
Brave sentinels of thy land.

XI.

Memorials bright of other days!
What secret springs ye move,
To wake the soul's ennobling praise
To loyalty and love!

XII.

All this the light thy glory shed,
Saint Patrick, blessed name!
The truth of God, to Freedom wed,
Shall e'er resound thy fame.

XIII.

Then light the fire of Tara high,
Whose soul-inspiring glow
Hath blessed us with Faith's victory,
Through centuries of woe.

XIV.

Light high the fire which Freedom lights
O'er martyr-patriot graves,
And vindicate thy children's rights,
Nor view them longer slaves.

Robert Emmet.

I.

AIL, bravest of heroes who bled
For country, for virtue, and fame!
Enduring the glory thou'st shed
Round Erin's fair consecrate name;
A martyr in the flower of thy youth,
Thou hallowest the shrine of God's truth.

II.

Divine was the impulse which wrought
Thy genius celestial to fire
The sacred emotions first caught
Of Freedom's impassioned desire;
Thine is the proud spirit that tells
Where the tide of nobility swells.

III.

Pure type of the patriot soul,
Thy memory e'er shall inspire
A yearning for Liberty's goal;
The Phœnix of Liberty's pyre,
Ennobling humanity's woe,
Thy name a blessed beacon doth glow.

IV.

A freeman by nature and grace,
Thou spurned'st fell Tyranny's thrall,
The pathway of Freedom to trace
Naught could thy brave spirit appall;
While valor inspirits our race
We'll echo thy victory's call!



Awake to Manhood, Sons of Erin.

I.

AWAKE to manhood, sons of Erin!
Let no rude tyrant strike you down;
Your record of heroic bearing
May well defy Oppression's frown.

II.

In vain would Crime's vile minions rampant,
Enforce base laws of Heaven accursed,
Humanity's star, for e'er ascendant,
Now heralds forth Freedom's sunburst—

III.

Emblazoning on your brows the beauty,
Endearing e'er your verdant sod,
Enshrining in your hearts the duty,
Allegiance to your homes and God.

IV.

This be the ensign of your merit—
The patriot's crowning loyalty;
This be your test of manhood's spirit—
His undying love of liberty.

Inisfail.

I.



EAR Land of Inisfail, a fond farewell!
Land of the faithful Gael, who may tell
The glory justly thine ere yet the name
Of traitorous son obscured thy halcyon fame,
Or Saxon tread profaned thy sacred shrine,
Whence radiated Faith and Love divine?

II.

Sweet Land of Song, how oft thy thrilling lyre
Did bard and Gallowglass alike inspire
To val'rous deeds, whose high and pure renown

Shall e'er enwrèathe thee with a fadeless
crown—
Nor vainly sung, while Fame's illumined
page
Proclaims thy song the glory of each age!

III.

Fair Land, the shrine of lettered lore, thy
tongue
Resounds, for aye, within our heart of hearts;
Oh! may it live, with native accent strong,
And rëunite thy now disjointed parts.
Proud Land, awake, shake off thy cumbrous
chains,
And consecrate to Freedom what loyalty re-
mains!

To a Religieuse.

I.

THY spirit is a regal dower,
A pearl of greatest price;
It vests thee with the Saviour's power
To gladden and rejoice.

II.

Thy trophies are of faith and love,
Which know no carnage spoils;
But grateful hearts exultant prove
Thy bloodless victories.

Remember Thee.

I.

REMEMBER thee? oh! yes, for ever,
While e'er survives a struggling breath;
The troth now pledged, no time shall sever
Until this heart lies cold in death.

II.

Thy spirit, meek as angel's slumber,
Shall hover near when ills oppress,
And where the world's rude cares encumber,
A charm divine exert to bless.

III.

As Rapture wooed the bowers of Eden,
Abloom with innocence and love,
Transporting, too, thy virtues, laden
With pure attractions from above.

IV.

Dispensing e'er the golden treasure,
The Saviour's love-atoning plan,
Thy life 's poured out in Godlike measure,
A holocaust of grace to man ;

V.

A sacrifice of Christian merit,
Which brighter shines 'mid doubts and fears,
So like the sun, whose rays inherit
A richer glow when darkness nears!

VI.

Oh ! may thy virgin tears of sorrow
So irrigate thy fallow land,
That grace and bliss enrich each furrow,
Agreeably to God's high command.

VII.

May, too, our hearts, in accord blending,
Unite at length their chords unstrung,
Where Cherubim, with strain unending,
Perfect the harmony of song.

In Memoriam.

TO COL. WILLIAM M. BOONE.

I.

HE is gone, all illumined with glory—
His trophy of chivalrous worth;
Enduring for aye be his story,
Inscribed on each altar and hearth!

II.

A son so devotedly loyal
No kingdom nor empire may claim;
His name, more transcendently royal,
Emblazons Columbia's fame.

III.

Inspired by the sound of the tocsin,
When war with dread terror prevailed,
His valor impelled him to action,
Defending the breach where assailed.

IV.

Oh! would ye had seen his proud rally
In the ebbing of victory's tide,
With his columns to glory advancing
In the flush of reconquering pride!

V.

While the craters of war in the battle
Their vengeance voluminous outpour,
He recks not their peals of death-rattle,
Nor the plain albeit crimson with gore.

VI.

Till the flag of his country be planted
O'er the turrets, as pyramid fast,
He presses with spirit undaunted,
He sweeps as the hurricane's blast!

VII.

As strong wind that marshals the ocean,
His impulse to Victory's cause;
All Roman his valorous devotion,
Till Victory smiled her applause.

VIII.

Nor the star of his destiny failed him
To lighten the burden of woe;
The carnage of war but availed him
To staunch first the wounds of the foe;

IX.

Who felt that his presence was given
A blessing to aid the downtrod,
To fix their last thoughts on high Heaven,
To wing their faint spirits to God.

X.

Ah! list to their prayer, the deep murmur,
Which angels now sing with acclaim:
"May Heaven emblazon our banner
With the sheen of thy luminous name!"

XI.

They ask for this boon, for no other
'Twill suit their proud spirit to crave;
No foeman, but fostering brother,
They greet him "The best of the brave."

XII.

Ah! would ye had seen him so beauteous
In the day of his martial renown,
Ye had loved him more tender and duteous,
And made his example your own!

XIII.

Admired him adorning each station
That genius and merit attain;
In war, the stout shield of the nation,
In peace, still his country's great gain.

XIV.

A prop to all those who around him
Succumbed to the load of distress,
Temptation proved vain to confound him
In his mission of mercy to bless.

XV.

The escutcheon of country and altar,
Impervious as adamant wall,
Unknown his brave spirit to falter,
Whenever allegiance did call.

XVI.

A monument proud let us raise him,
A trophy imposing, to tell
How royally peoples should praise him,
Who served all right royally well—

XVII.

A trophy sublime as his glory,
Supernal as virtue's blessed ray,
Enshrining for aye his proud story,
Enduring as Liberty's sway!

XVIII.

Religion decrees him high honor
For zeal so ennobling, divine,
Requites all the gifts of her donor,
And welcomes his dust to her shrine.

XIX.

There oft may the orphan and widow
Unite at his consecrate bier,
To pray 'neath the sanctuary's shadow
And tender their gratitude's tear;

XX.

To pray that their patron departed
May still of his bounty bestow
To make them more pure and true-hearted,
To make them in merits o'erflow;

XXI.

To pray for the heroes immortal,
Illustrious in peace as in war,
Illuming the gloom of death's portal
With the halo of victory's star;

XXII.

To pray for the lone ones in sorrow,
That the Spirit vouchsafe of his love
To fill up Bereavement's deep furrow
And crown them with glory above.

XXIII.

He rests where his work doth enshrine him,
With the temple he reared for his tomb;
There long shall Affection entwine him,
'Mid roses of perennial bloom.

XXIV.

There long shall each hallowed emotion,
 Distilled as the dew of the morn,
Inspirit the patriot's devotion
 And freshen his memory's urn.

Soliloquy.

THROUGH life's dreary pilgrimage
'Tis ours to mourn;
'Mid tears of vain penitence
We here sojourn.

Sinner, saint, frail creatures are,
Victims of life's checkering hour;
The hymn of peace, the notes of war,
But echo Time's destroying power.

All hopes deceive us in their turn,
Ever the same;
They rise and fall like dew of morn,
For ever vain.

A bird disports in vacant air,
Where Fancy builds her castles fair;
But soon arrests its soaring flight,
As darkling lower the shades of night.

Friends so loved are now away,
Lying in the tomb;
While we survive but for a day,
Awaiting doom.

Behold, in willow-mantled wood,
How soft asleep the great and good!
Like them a while on earth we stray,
And, then, eternally away.



Hallow Eve.

I.

ATTEND, ye sprites, both elve and wight,
Who revel in the twilight air!
Though carnival be yours to-night,
Against intrigues and wiles beware.

II.

The power you're lent must not be spent
For man's vexation and annoy;
'Tis good to cheer with merriment,
But worse than idle to decoy.

III.

Remember how on earth distressed
Are myriads all from joy estranged;
How night to night, by sorrow pressed,
Their visage is to phantom changed.

IV.

Let no weird howl of demon ghoul
Invade the portals of our peace;
But Fancy's sprite our hearts delight
With true repose and bonnie ease.





Music.

I.

MUSIC sweet for those we love,
Music from the realms above!
Music, sprite 'mid festive glee,
Music, Heaven's own harmony!

II.

What magic charm for earth's dull round,
What soothing balm to heal each wound,
What bliss enchanting woos the heart
As wingèd seraph's fiery dart!

III.

Saint Cecilia, hail to thee,
Saint of purest minstrelsy!
Saint and martyr both thou art,
Patron of the choral heart!

IV.

Bless the pæan of victory,
Bless the anthem of the free,
Bless each strain by Heaven's command,
Proclaiming peace to every land!

V.

Let 's praise our God, whose gracious power
Hath so endeared our exile hour!
While love delights 'mid sacred song,
As bliss ecstatic choirs among.

VI.

When bowing to Nature, Music's breath
Seems for ever lost in death;
Before the throne where glory reigns,
Music chants immortal strains!

VII.

Music, sweet for those we love,
Music, from the realms above!
Music, sprite 'mid festive glee,
Music, Heaven's own harmony!

Vanitas Vanitatum.

I.

THIS life is all one round of woe
Where'er man's lot is cast,
His pleasures are the illusive glow
Of Sorrow's checkering blast.

II.

His friendship knows no certain law
Beyond applause or gain,
As seams of frost to vernal thaw
Whose silvery bands are vain.

III.

Aurora smiles, fair Hope illumes
The morn of manhood's day;
When lowering storm portends its doom
Now vanished is its ray.

IV.

The cheering voice and tender look
Of love, that so endears,
Are mystic tones of Nature's brook,
Flowing with smiles and tears.

V.

A life misspent, of thwarted fame,
Echoes the plaint of some,
While others trail the servile chain,
Nor feel the torturing thong.

VI.

A thousand ills the breast oppress,
Hapless on life's dread sea;
The saints alone, who bliss possess,
Enjoy true liberty.

Resignation.

I.

THOUGH friends I prized have left me
In hour of bitter need,
Of kindness all bereft me
Lest I, perchance, succeed;
A hope there is that buoys me
On the billows of the deep,
A faith that ne'er decoys me
Nor causes me to weep.

II.

A beacon light victorious,
Disporting on the wave;
A star divine more glorious
Resplendent o'er the grave:

'Tis Virtue's stainless banner
Unfurlèd to the breeze,
The escutcheon of fair honor,
The spirit of true peace.

III.

A light for ever glowing,
The halo of the cross,
A talisman bestowing,
Retrieving every loss;
As gracious words once spoken,
"Blessèd are they who mourn,"
Their yearning hearts the token
To invite the Groom's return.

A Land of Song.

I.

A LAND of song is Erin's Isle—
It's emerald groves and genial clime
Inspire the minstrel's facile rhyme
To win the Muses' favored smile!

II.

Its mountains rear their heads sublime,
As Truth's supernal temple-dome,
Where saint doth chant from Missal tome
The "Gloria's" majestic chime.

III.

Its valleys as Faith's altar smoke
Sweet incense, sacred to the song,
Whose faithful strains for ages long
Are unsubdued by tyrant's yoke—

IV.

The song which braved the sword and brand
Of Persecution's impious laws,
Of gibbet, rack, and to turing claws,
Still lives to nerve the patriot hand.

V.

Amid the wreck of battle-strife,
As faithful armor girded on,
As labarum gleaming in the sun,
Our martial song, our nation's life!

VI.

And when victorious pæans arise
Of Peace, to gladden earth always,
Of Freedom's grateful anthem-praise,
Then, Erin, thine the sceptre-prize.

VII.

For, like a torrent rushing strong,
Impetuous as the lava tide,
Exultant in unconquered pride,
The spirit of thy royal song!

A Plea for the Dead.

[The occasion of the following lines was a threatened violent and sacrilegious disinterment of the dead reposing in Crossboyne graveyard in the month of September, 1875. They were at the time published in the Tuam *News*.]

I.

DISTURB not the dead where their bones lie interred,
For Justice still guards them though her voice be unheard;
Their right to repose, 'neath their consecrate sod,
Is a title secured them by Nature and God—
Then leave them the rest for which they oft prayed
And bore all life's trials, e'en death undismayed.

II.

Disturb not the dead! let not miscreant or slave
Presume to unearth e'en one sod of their grave;
Their bones lie so hallowed! for ages they've slept,
And Vengeance will smite him who violates their crypt.
Disarm, then, your wrath, you rude lordling and slave,
And let not its fury be spent on the grave!

III.

Disturb not the dead! 'tis the Angel of Peace,
With Justice and Mercy, that guards their *reliques.*
Let not Profanation her orgies reveal,
Where Religion and Nature have impress'd their seal;
Then leave them in peace who are by Heaven possess'd—
'Tis the world's best treasure where the weary find rest.

Though Sorrow Doth Thy Day Becloud.

I.

THOUGH sorrow doth thy day be-
cloud
And grief infest as cankering
wound,
And death with countless terrors shroud
The prospect of a life entombed;
Hope on, hope on! a beacon light
Still opes to view a day more bright!

The trial, the woe, the agony,
Which point to death or dark despair—
The orgies of life's mystery,
Affrighting phantoms bleak and drear—
All phases are of victory
Where saints exult in ecstacy.

The pangs afflicting all below,
The falling tears of hearts distressed,
Are soil and dew whence kindly grow
The virtues of the saintly blessed;
Awhile to sow in sorrow's tears,
Again to reap for endless years.

Freedom's Birth.

I.



ARK! 'tis the day of Freedom's birth,
Hosannas let us sing;
Salvation to the enslavèd earth
Let our proud anthem ring.

II.

The cause which fills our grateful land
With blessing and renown
Is fit to nerve each patriot's hand,
To strike oppression down.

III.

For tyrant's power, however strong,
Cannot dismay the right,
While Heaven wars against the wrong
With Freedom's conquering might.

IV.

'Tis thus Columbia's gallant sons
A hostile foe o'erthrew,
And routed his best champions
As Hessian-rabble crew!

V.

And raised aloft a sacred shrine
To glorious Victory,
Proclaiming to her form divine
The anthem of the free.

VI.

There peoples all the vow renew
To win the hallowed prize,
With firm resolve to brave and do,
Or die in sacrifice.

VII.

Each altar smokes with incense pure;
What volumes Heavenward roll!
While Slavery's shame and Victory's flame
Impel the patriot's soul!

VIII.

As cataract from the mountain height,
With force that naught can stay,
Thus to the front "for God and right"
Brave heroes speed their way.

IX.

The Kelt and Pole now strike the blow
Of vengeance *à l'outrance;*
The Sclav and Greek as warlike glow
And to the charge advance.

X.

What History tells of Marathon
Her voice again echoes;
A tribute to our Washington,
Each routs a myriad foes!

XI.

Where Glory crowned her valiant band
With life-immortal prize,
There Freedom now hath trophies grand
Their fame to eternize.

XII.

'Tis thus that e'er mid din of war
Columbia's flag unfurled;
There looms athwart Hope's beacon star,
The labarum of the world.

Ode to Temperance.

I.

AVOID the cup, the cup!
For miseries in store
Await the fool e'ermore
Who tastes the poisoned sop;
The draught a horrid gore
Of liquid death doth pour
On him who quaffs it up.
No need of wrecking wave
Or felon's blighting grave
To curse the minion slave
Who woos the damning cup.

II.

Where honor seems to smile
Approval on the bowl,

Illumed by grace, the soul
Abhors the tempting wile,
And bans the demon snare
That lurks beneath the glare
Luring the sons of toil;
Avaunt the affrighting dole
Of conscience-stranding shoal,
Of death-inflicting goal,
The horrors of that smile!

III.

O desecrating gain!
That thrivest on rapine wrong
To riot with Bacchus' song,
Over compatriots slain;
While thy fell orgies rave
A million victims crave
A respite from their pain.
Thy siren-voicèd spell
Conducts thy dupes to dwell
Deep down the bowels of Hell,
Their loss thy vaunted gain!

IV.

O ruin-attainting prize !
 Thy trophies are a blight
 That counteracts all right,
That saving grace defies.
 In thy rapacious maw
 Thou rendest every law
That teaches to be wise.
 'Mid agonizing throes
 Of mankind's countless woes
 Thy cormorant spirit goes
To clutch its Gorgon-prize !

V.

O ye, whose checkered lives
 Are preyed by withering scorn,
 Whose hearts are rent and torn
By lacerating gyves !
 Implore the Lord above
 By His all-quickening love,
Which drooping life revives,
 His erring sheep to save,
 Their punishment to waive,

To avert the drunkard's grave
By resurrected lives.

VI.

A glory to our land,
Not by rude violence bought,
But by the Spirit wrought,
Who nerves each heart and hand
With the word of truth and right,
The sword of conquering might,
Temptation to withstand—
The virtue of our God,
Who saves the race downtrod,
As when with smiting rod,
He laved the Desert Land!

Lines on Autumn.

I.

THE Winter nears,
And lo! with tears
The Autumn winds are sighing
To view the gloom
Of Summer's bloom,
In form disheveled lying.

II.

The lullaby,
The plaintive cry
Of mourning Nature 's heard,
Where freighted gale
Of sorrow's wail
A mother's grief hath stirred.

III.

Still fall ye tears
Through rolling years,
 And in your constant flow,
From childhood's morn
To manhood's bourne,
 Murmur your plaint of woe.

Life.

I.



LIFE, once bright, now 's ebbing from us,
Its struggles all, are fruitless, vain;
No more does Hope's bright beacon-promise
Illume the prospect of Time's plain.

II.

Hardly conscious, 'mersed in sorrow,
Our years have been but grief's flood-tide;
Clouds have closed the radiant morrow
When Health and Bliss would fain abide.

III.

Farewell, ye joys now dimmed for ever;
Farewell, bright days of long ago!
Your sunshine gleams may yet recover
In Paradise their wonted glow.

O Blush for Shame!

ON THE "CONGRESSIONAL COMMISSION" AT WASHINGTON, 1876–77.

I.



BLUSH for shame, ye sons of freedom, now!
See crimson guilt mantling your country's brow;
Hear o'er the earth the weird, sepulchral tone
Which knells, alas! Columbia's fame is gone!
Her virtue, honor, pride, and majesty,
Betrayed and sold by recreant perfidy;
Coërced by faction of rapacious maw,
She yields to treason, in the name of law;
The sovereign rights of citizen and State,
Consigned to death by one confederate—

The Brutus of a foul conspiracy,
Who Rome hath stabbed, but Cæsar let scot-free.

II.

What callous slave of despot's chafing thrall
But felt the thong of slavery keenly gall?
Did gold not soothe as an emollient balm,
And glutting spoil avail as victor's palm?
Yet hearts aglow with aught of patriot fire
Will curse the knave o'er his funereal pyre,
Nor less detest who fouled the ermine's sheen
By leprous contact with unrighteous gain,
And execrate, in every age and tongue,
The recreant *one* who sealed a nation's doom;
And virtuous matrons teach their lisping babes
To hate the fiends who made their parents slaves.

III.

Weep now, ye vanquished, in your captive chains;
Weep as Marius, bewailing Thebe's remains;

Weep as Israel, exile on Babylon's shore;
Weep as David, nor cease to weep e'er more!
Your country's trophies pledged as coupon stake;
Your nation's honor no more inviolate;
Your stainless flag, revered where'er unfurled,
The gibe and harlequin of the world.
For Rapine's hordes infest the honored place
Resplendent once with Purity's own grace;
Collusive Fraud receives the vowed incense,
Where Truth was strangled in her last defence.
Now glorious day has closed in night of gloom,
Since Freedom's shrine serves but for Virtue's tomb!

Lines Written During a Storm at Sea.

I.



PIRIT, still the gathering tempest,
Break its battle-front o'erhead ;
Marshalled see its warlike crescent,
Charging, swift, remorseless, dread.

II.

Spirit, see the billows gushing,
Cataract, storming Nature's dirge ;
Unrelenting, fiercely rushing,
Fiendlike is each mantling surge.

III.

Hark ! beneath the boisterous ocean
Craters quake with thunder's roar
'Tis dread Terror in commotion,
Hurling vengeance from Death's shore !

IV.

Lord, Jehovah, mastering violence,
Speed with grace our souls to save,
And avert, with conquering *puissance*,
The horrors of this deepening grave !

V.

Pity waked Thy Father's mercies,
When Israel crossed the Red Sea's pass ;
Pity ope'd her saving treasures,
When threatening, raged Tiberias :

VI.

More potent e'er is love than terror ;
Then lend Thine aid, whom we implore,
And tranquil make Thy glorious mirror,
That we in peace may Thee adore.

Reminiscency.

I.

IN years to come, though parted, still
will I think of thee,
As erst my heart-pulse started to
greet thee lovingly;
Emotion inward dwelling still sanctifies thy
name,
Though words are vain in telling what relics
there remain.

II.

No dread of Sorrow's visage then wrecked
thy radiant mien,
Where shone the faithful image of Virtue,
beauteous queen;

Thy soul on golden pinions then soared to realms above,
Through Nature's wide dominions, communicating love.

III.

Ah! that life's halcyon morning knew naught of eve's decline,
To cloud by vain sojourning a splendor so divine;
But that, in zenith glowing, it eternized thy name,
The blissful prize bestowing, thy merit's deathless fame.

IV

Yet let thy soul not sorrow, recounting blighted joy;
There comes a bright to-morrow, whose memory doth not cloy,
All woes and griefs effacing of Sorrow's pathway trod,
A glorious life retracing in the vision of our God!

Hymeneal.

I.

THINE eyes still feed the genial flame
Our kindly spirits knew,
When first thy talismanic name
Inspired devotion true;
And closer bound the chords so fond
In loving harmony,
Till grace perfected Nature's bond
In sacred unity.

II.

That blissful rapture's ne'er outdone,
It's joy nor force decays,
But lights up still our earthly home
With love's congenial rays.

It glows athwart the mystic night
Of sorrow's pang and tears,
Dispelling gloom with golden light,
The vista of its years!

Centennial Ode.

I.

AMERICA! famed land,
Lit up by Freedom, lustrous star,
Inviting beacon from afar,
Paling the tyrant's brand.

II.

Columbia!—fittest name,
Where'er the cycled earth revolves,
Where'er the pulse of genius throbs
To wreathe the brow of Fame.

III.

Than Hesper's clarion light,
When Sol, illustrious god of day,
His jealous vengeance would display,
Thy galaxy more bright.

IV.

Hail! sacred trophied fane,
No more may storms convulse thy peace,
No longer sold by traitor's kiss,
Thy law doth sovereign reign!

V.

No more may fiend assail
The ægis of our nation's might,
The guerdon of each freeman's right—
The Union must prevail.

VI.

Great Lord, dispense thy grace,
Preserve thy noble heritage,
Avert from it thine anger's scourge,
Confirm it with thy peace.

VII.

As pyramidal crown,
Attracting all thy freeborn sons,
Eclipsing brightest diadems,
The immortal Washington!

VIII.

Friend of humanity,
 Intrepid in the battle's tide,
 Humbling Britain's warlike pride,
Fabius of strategy.

IX.

Cato of honor he,
 Ennobling e'er the holy cause,
 Faithful above the world's applause,
FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY!

X.

Scion of nobility,
 While ages roll thy storied name
 Shall serve to illume Columbia's fame,
Day-star of her destiny.

.

XI.

Thou sovereign God, we bless Thy power,
Whose glorious name the heavens adore;
Pour down Thy Spirit, which we confess,
And make Thy work our lasting bliss.

XII.

Great Lord, reveal Thy virtuous strength;
Enrich us with Thy love divine;
Rejoice Thy peoples, prostrate bent
In festive greeting at Thy shrine.

XIII.

Accept our humble offerings,
An holocaust of praise to Thee;
Thy wisdom reigns from end to end,
Thy glory circles land and sea.

XIV.

Exalt the nations Thou hast made,
Endow them with true liberty;
When danger threatens enlist Thine aid—
A tower of strength and purity.

XV.

Great Lord, we ask Thy blessing now
To crown these tributes of Thy sphere;
Thine other gifts in time bestow,
That we with Thee may persevere.

* * * * *

Hail, thou pæan of victory!
Hail, the anthem of the free!
All o'er the earth, with one accord,
Let mortals praise the gracious Lord,
And hearts exult in jubilee
As choirs of bliss in ecstasy!
May peace and love rejoice all here
Who celebrate this Freedom's year.

Though Youth Adorns.

I.



THOUGH youth adorns thy radiant brow
With its attractions rare,
The charms thy mind and heart bestow
Are more divinely fair.

II.

From out these founts celestial spring,
In limpid, fervid flow,
The blessings of which angels sing—
Glory and peace below.

III.

For Grace doth raise her sacred shrine
Where merit is confessed,
Dispensing from that source divine
The virtues of the blessed—

IV.

Benevolence, good-will to all,
The mark of God's elect—
Of Him whose love knows great nor small,
But all without respect;

V.

Beneficence, which ne'er denies
The meed of charity,
But timely aid to all supplies
With true humanity;

VI.

Devotion pure, the mystic buoy,
Where threatening billows roll,
The manna sweet which naught can cloy,
The garden of the soul;

VII.

And Hope, that mounts on eager wing
Where joys eternal glow,
As fainting stag the saving spring
Whence living waters flow;

VIII.

And Constancy, the talisman,
By grace to mankind given,
To compass here life's mortal span
And gain the port of heaven.

IX.

These gifts of Christ's ennobling faith
Proclaim thy fair renown;
Adorning life, and mastering death,
They are a peerless crown.

"Pray Tell Me, do Affections Meet?"

I.

PRAY tell me, do affections meet
In the world beyond our own?
May Friendship there her loved one greet
'Neath Glory's dazzling crown?
Or is it true that each fond heart
Communes in social mood,
Of weal and woe still bears a part,
In ties of sisterhood?

II.

Do friendships severed on earth again
Reclaim their genial ray?
Freed from oppression's toil and pain,
Still hold triumphant sway?

Are kindly smiles, Affection's look,
E'er seen in realms above,
Or Faith's right hand, which ne'er forsook
T' inspire ennobling love?

III.

Does heart to heart as free reveal
Each thought of love sincere?
Where souls no more affliction feel,
Is friendship aught less dear?
I wonder if where angels dwell
The saints still know their own,
And each bereavèd heart can tell
Its own once cherished one?

IV.

If such is true, oh! may it be
That I, with dying voice,
Obtain that mine may follow me
To dwell in Paradise;
There friendship's love, for ever blessed,
Shall know no parting tear,
But, crowned with faithful happiness,
Remàin for ever dear.

Fourth of July.

I.

ALL hail to the victor! What gladdening emotion
Inspirits the hearts of all freemen to-day,
The banner still waving which first their devotion,
Illumed with the halo of liberty's ray!

II.

Nor vainly contended; their hope, never failing,
Proved Heaven the champion defending their land;
They came forth victorious, tho' myriads assailing,
Beleaguered as vampires Columbia's strand.

III.

And Freedom loomed up athwart all the nations,
Her sunburst of glory Equality's sheen,
Abjuring for ever all servile relations,
By God crowned immortal, humanity's queen!

IV.

As nobly exerting, their trophy revering,
Be our sires' hallowed virtues our anthem's meet strain;
With honor and valor, the burden endearing,
Let mankind rejoice in the grateful refrain.



Rejoicing now, let's Anchor Weigh.

I.

REJOICING now, let's anchor weigh
And brave the stormy deep ;
Where Fortune smiles in the seeth
ing spray,
Let us glad vigil keep.

II.

Dull care committing to the winds,
Our sorrows all behind,
Let us regale, good trusty friends,
With cheer for heart and mind.

III.

And while away, on the rolling brine,
From other friends we roam,
We'll tune our voice to love's sweet chime
And think of those at home.

IV.

Nor e'er forget the loved ones gone,
Nor e'er the paths they've trod;
But vow to do as they have done,
And waft a prayer to God.

V.

We are united, brethren brave;
Our lot has made us kin—
We have one home upon the wave;
We'll together lose or win.

VI.

Then here's a toast to our loyal crew,
Whatever luck befall;
We'll pledge anew our fealty true,
And bid farewell to all.

Apotheosis.

I.

HAIL, vision blessed of peaceful rest
That glows beyond the sky!
When shall my soul, of thee possessed,
Thy glories fair descry?

II.

Transcendent Hope, life's buoyant dream,
That there doth constant reign,
Imparting bliss, ecstatic gleam,
That lights no more in vain;

III.

But contemplates the joys of youth,
In each sublime degree,
The term'nal of immortal truth,
The soul in God set free.

IV.

Where, ravished by the higher delight
Of Love's supernal day,
Absorbed in vision ever bright,
Resigns her gracious sway ;

V.

And Confidence no more beguiles,
'Neath Friendship's luring mien ;
Nor more Deception's tortuous wiles
O'er Zion's turrets seen.

VI.

But Virtue proves her fair renown,
Where merit's trophies shine ;
All luminous now her fadeless crown,
With majesty divine.

VII.

And Glory thrills the festive hall,
With fervor all her own ;
Enlivened while enlivening all,
Through Heaven's circling zone.

VIII.

And Eloquence, of God ordained,
Incarnate in His Word,
Proclaims aright, with sense unfeigned,
The triumphs of her Lord.

IX.

Where Pathos, welling out the throne,
As erst from Holy Rood,
Doth liquidize each heart of stone,
As fuses mother's blood.

X.

And Love, inflaming pure desire,
Doth bliss divine impart,
The Paracletic mystic fire,
Transporting mind and heart.

XI.

Hail! *Euge* of the Saviour's voice,
In tone benignant given,
That bids us all with Him rejoice,
That wings our thoughts to Heaven.

XII.

Be thou the beacon of our way,
Sojourning on the deep ;
Be thou Salvation's brightening ray
To cheer us while we weep.



The Gap of Dunloe.

I.

THE morning dawned divinely fair,
My spirit waxed aglow,
When, freed from toil and anxious care,
I sought thy gap, Dunloe.

II.

An angel lent his presence there,
Robed in ambrosial hue;
He would celestial greeting bear
The oasis fair to woo.

III.

And first his smile adorned the scene
With glory's bright array,
Rejoiced that Nature owned the sheen
Of Heaven's golden day.

IV.

His blessing then he did impart,
And paid his vows divine,
Inspiring every pilgrim heart
To worship at his shrine.

V.

Now Rapture seizes cliff and dell,
Careering to and fro;
The mountains quake with pregnant spell,
Thundering their weird echo.

VI.

And Fancy wings her trophies rare,
Gilding their pageant crest;
Old Torc disports with threatening air,
While riots Eagle's Nest.

VII.

Glean Dhu distils a fragrant balm
Of incense to the skies,
Which mounts to Heaven's mystic Lamb,
Symbolic sacrifice

VIII.

Of all the blood by martyrs shed
For Freedom's sacred cause;
Nor vainly, Erin, hast thou bled
While Heaven smiles applause,

IX.

Whose glory robes this vestal scene,
As Eden's pristine bower,
Where choirs beatic oft were seen
To gladden twilight's hour.

X.

More dear than Eden, hallowed spot!
Where bliss Elysian glows,
Whose mystic sheen-empurpling grot
Doth eternize our woes,

XI.

Unraveling the deep mystery
Of grace and nature one,
The faith assuring victory,
Through God's eternal Son.

Let Fortune Woo.

I.



ET Fortune woo the mundane throng,
And votaries decoy ;
Be 't ours to hail the festive song
With Friendship's nobler joy—

II.

Where Harmony triumphant dwells,
In unison's accord ;
And Pathos of Affection tells,
In Faith's endearing word ;

III.

And Jubal sways the choral train
As minstrel, facile rhyme ;
And Rapture swells the anthem's strain,
In pitch and tone sublime ;

IV.

And Echo charms the horizon,
 Resounding through each zone,
Till Fame rewards the conquest won
 With Victory's proud throne;

V.

And Virtue smiles benign applause,
 Where social mirth resounds—
Intact, in all, her sacred laws,
 While generous joy abounds;

VI.

And Glory chants with Jubilee
 Each soul-inspiring praise,
Where Bliss rewards with Ecstasy
 Devotion's love always.



Lines,

SUGGESTED BY THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY CELEBRATION, DUBLIN, AUGUST 5, 1875.

I.

SET ceaseless chorus sound,
O'er hill and verdant vale;
And patriot hearts rebound
With the spirit of the Gael.

II.

'Tis now the joyous hour
Of a nation's jubilee,
To exert the minstrel's power
In the anthem of the free.

III.

Hurrah! the proud refrain:
"The sacred rights of man,"

Freed from oppressive reign,
From persecuting ban.

IV.

Hurrah! the cause is won,
The cause of Faith and God;
For emancipation's boon
Is Religion disenthralled.

V.

This be O'Connell's praise
Where'er his name is told;
Let the mantle that he wears
Reveal it on each fold.

VI.

And o'er the trophy grand,*
Be Freedom's flag unfurled,
With ægis self command
To awe a tyrant world.

*The monument designed and partly executed by Foley, situated in Sackville Street, and solemnly dedicated on the occasion.

VII.

Then shall Repeal be won,
And every other prize,
For which a Davis sung,
For which an Emmett dies.

VIII.

Then, Erin, breathe his name,
And crown thy noblest son;
'Twill nerve to deeds of fame,
'Twill rear a Washington.

To the Ocean.

WRITTEN OFF KINGSTON HARBOR, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

I.

GLORIOUS old ocean, majestically rolling,
Sublime is thy wrath when mantling thy rage;
Thy voice is triumphant when Nature's dread forces,
Their virtues exhausted, are docile in peace.

II.

Thy musical rapture is inspired jubilation
Of Harmony's choirs in just symphony;
Thy luminous vista religious oblation—
Winged incense of hearts in love's ecstasy!

III.

Great are the treasures thy bosom encloses,
Thrice mightier than earth, of depth so profound;
The vigils thou keepest when Nature reposes
Are trophies of homage thy trident hath won.

IV.

For ages thy vassals, subdued by thy story,
Have served thy least wish, expressed or implied;
The breath of the Almighty, thy measure of glory,
Still flatters thy billows in ebb and in tide.

V.

Roll on in thy grandeur, thy storms all sublimer,
While terror abysmal as cataract breaks;
Thy tempest-voiced chorus will sound still diviner
When Nature, convulsèd, to judgment awakes.

Centennial.

I.

ALLELUIA! a nation's hymn,
Of praise to God, whose wondrous mind
Conceives the scope and ways of men,
Enduing them with grace divine;
Who by our fathers helping stood,
And girt them with bright purity,
And nerved them with heroic blood
To strike for death or victory,

II.

As angel smote the mighty hosts
Of Egypt's flower in their pride,
And silenced Pharaoh's impious boasts
When Israel yearnèd to be freed,

And through the dreary wilderness
Did safely guide the faithful band,
And through the Red Sea's crimson pass
Did ope to them the Promised Land.

III.

Achieved we thus our liberty
When battling for a people's right;
The labarum of our victory,
"In God we trust; let naught affright."
So now let mystic paraclete
Of honor, power, and glory won,
With trophied pageant haste to greet
The first of patriots—Washington.

IV.

His name illumines our temple's dome,
His spirit does its hopes enshrine,
His valor reared its altar-throne,
His virtue saves it from decline.
Lo! empires here, bright arcs of peace,
And kingdoms as fair emeralds set,
Pay tribute to our nation's chief
And hail Columbia, free and great.

V.

Let Freedom hence with Virtue rule,
And, faithful to high Duty's call,
Let Justice arm the ermine school
Against Corruption's bribe and thrall;
Religion's shrines fore'er intact,
The golden ægis of our homes
Our nation's flag inviolate,
Hope's beacon-light in farthest zones.

VI.

Vouchsafe, great Lord, whose wide domain
Embraces ages with a span,
To exert Thy mercy's bounteous reign,
And crown Thy work with Thy right hand.
Here Wisdom speaks in divers tongues;
See Art and Toil with Faith combined,
And Nature's untamed myrmidons,
With Peace and Love, close intertwined.

VII.

Preserve our common liberties
From open foe and lurking wile;
Guard Thou our sacred destinies
From every taint that can defile;
Thus, will our cause with Thine be one,
Thus, will our hopes be crowned and blessed,
In every age the pæan be sung,
And Thou immortal Lord confessed.

* * * * *

Alleluia, alleluia, let the timbrel sound,
Alleluia, alleluia, let joyous strains resound,
Alleluia, alleluia, intone with one accord,
'Tis peace to the nations, 'tis glory to the Lord!

The Drunkard's Repentance.

I.

NE word of joy and love to thee,
Dear wife ;
Though grief be mine, and bitter strife,
Yet faithfully I think of thee,
Of thee, my heart, my soul, my life,
Dear wife.

II.

Ah ! sorely has this heart been wrung,
Dear wife,
And sorely has the viper stung,
Bereaving me of thee and home,
Of home, my dearest earthly boon,
Dear wife.

III.

In this sad plight and threatening doom,
Dear wife,
As prodigal son I sigh for home,
And thee, its faithful, slighted one.
Who still endears it as my own
Dear wife.

IV.

Oh ! look with kindness still on me,
Dear wife;
Though faithless oft, no more I'll be
A worthless reprobate to thee,
A demon, fiend, and refugee,
Dear wife

V.

Religion's saving voice I've heard,
Dear wife,
And learned to hope the blessed reward
Through faith in God's forgiving word,
In God and thee, my own adored
Dear wife.

VI.

The Saviour's grace is ne'er outspent,
Dear wife;
Though man, on evil courses bent,
Doth seldom rise true penitent
Like Saul, to Ananias sent,
Dear wife.

VII.

Though wide the road I've giddy walked,
Dear wife,
When thousands daily with me stalked,
And thousands lost their hold and balked,
And balked to ruin nor deemed it aught,
Dear wife,

VIII.

Now mine the road so surely given,
Dear wife,
To sinners contrite and forgiven,
Renouncing e'er the accursed leaven
That separates from thee and heaven,
Dear wife.

Betrayal.

I.



SAW my friend from day to day,
And greeted him as wont of yore,
Ere, tempted by forbidden lore,
He bartered manhood's pride away.

II.

Ne'er thought I then the baseness his
Which black ingratitude conceives,
With which the charlatan deceives—
The baseness of a caitiff's kiss.

III.

As when, corrupt, for lucre's sake,
Vile Judas sold his gracious Lord,
Betraying whom he first adored,
For thirty pence his weal to stake!

IV.

Thou deicide, most impious name,
Enriched with blood, another prize
Doth now thy baseness eternize
Where fiends thy perfidy proclaim.

V.

As vainly wilt *thou* trophies raise
Whom crime degrades as Judas fell :
Thy monument is raised in Hell—
Its orgies be thy notes of praise.

VI.

For, blind to Heaven's supreme command
To love thy neighbor as thyself,
Thou hatedst him for sordid pelf,
And art accursed in every land.

To a Suicide.

I.



STAY thy hand, nor dare presume
To avenge thee of unpitying fate.
While Nature dons her robes of bloom,
Wilt thou bereave her pageant state?
While light and love their bliss impart
Oh! let their spell rejoice thy heart.

II.

Know'st thou no Lord to praise, to bless?
Hast thou no sprite with wings to soar
Celestial to the realms of rest,
Where Cherubim profound adore
The Maker all who crowns with bliss
Eternal who His name confess?

III.

Hast thou no voice to tune the lyre,
So faithful in each ministering strain
To wake the torpid soul, to inspire
Pure longings for Emmanuel's reign ;
Whose word is full-toned harmony,
Peace to the heart, and victory ?

IV.

This guerdon is to thee and those
Whose faith and hope bide undismayed,
Despite the thousand pangs and woes
By which dread Hell, with hosts arrayed,
Would fain destroy thy fair renown
And rob thee of the victor's crown.

V.

Then praise the Lord, nor impious thought
Invade the sanctuary of His love ;
Remember that with mercy fraught
Are all His ways, which ample prove
E'en thee His child and favored heir,
If thou wilt hope and not despair.

VI.

Our Father sends us blessings here;
In keenest pain and heaviest loss
His love, forsooth, can life endear
Whose glory crowns the martyr's cross,
What though we sow 'mid toil and tears
The harvest-seed of endless years.



On the Occasion of a Visit

PROTRACTED BY THE SUDDEN LOOMING UP OF A STORM WHICH LASTED THREE DAYS.

I.

A GLOOMY day
Protracts my stay
With you, my friends;
But kindly warmth
Of bliss imparts
Its genial darts,
And solace lends.

II.

A storm prevails,
And tempest's gales
The torrents swell;
But a glowing hearth,
With native mirth,
Rejoice the heart
With friendship's spell.

III.

Let shadows lower
On future hour,
 This is our own;
While faithful smiles
Dull time beguile
As fairy wiles,
 And make us one.

IV.

To rout despair
And sullen care
 We've hither come;
Where truth resides,
Where peace abides,
And love presides,
 All quite at home.

Resurgemus.

I.

AIN is life; we're here to languish
On the surface of its tide;
Health and beauty end in anguish,
The joys of earth are but short-lived.

II.

Fitful gliding down the ocean
To eternity's bleak shore,
Life is dreary, sorrow's portion,
Where hope inspires the heart, no more.

III.

But feeling hath its own devotion
Far beyond time's limpid flow,
For Heaven crowns each blessed emotion
With its own perennial glow.

IV.

Forms may fade, but, like the petals,
Bearing seedlings in the air,
Virtue blooms with rosy freshness
Beyond the portals of despair.

V.

Thus life, though vain, doth not perish,
When its bright scenes have passed away;
The glory of the evening sunset
But heralds a more beauteous day.

When Shall We Meet Again?

I.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Our hands again unite,
This memory's glad refrain
Again the heart delight?

II.

In future, near or far,
On mountain, mead, or glen,
When sound the notes of war,
Shall we thus meet again?

III.

Rocked on the briny deep,
Or tossed on wrecking strand,
Will each his pledge of friendship keep
As sacred it should stand?

IV.

The heart that's firm and true
Knows not to change with time,
But, pure as Heaven's dew,
Bides faithful in each clime.

V.

If we do meet again
Ere youth has frittered by,
May our hope as bright remain
'Neath virtue's sunlit sky.

VI.

If we do meet again,
And life's mean course is run,
May the fruits then garnered in
Redound to honor's sum.

VII.

If we do meet again
When our locks are hoar with age,
May the heart's outpouring then
A glorious reign presage.

Singing, He Died.

This poem is due to an authentic narration of the death of a noted baritone, reported in the columns of the New York *World* of February 8, 1878. I append the article. It affected me deeply, and its touching pathos may still be shared by the sympathetic heart, despite the time elapsed since the first publication.

"SINGING, HE DIED.

"THE LAST MOMENTS OF FRANK BARTLETT, THE BARITONE.

"The circumstances attending the death of Frank Bartlett the well-known church baritone, who died on Saturday last, were particularly affecting and dramatic. He had been suffering for some days from pneumonia, and he had endured great pain. On the evening of his death he was much better, and his friend, Mr. Coyle, went into Bartlett's room and found him looking much worse than when he had left him some little time before.

"Fearing the worst, he sent for Dr. J. B. Gilbert, who found that Mr. Bartlett's bronchial tubes and air-cells were filling up with a watery secretion, interfering with the absorption of oxygen and the exhalation of carbonic acid thus rendering him unconscious. Stimulants were given in large quantities, and Dr. Guernsey was sent for, and expressed the opinion that the patient had not more than fifteen minutes to live. He rallied, however, and recognized many of his musical friends who were present.

"Dr. Gilbert finding that the stimulants were not having much effect, suggested that some music should be played. Mr. Post accordingly sat down to the piano and began to play one of Mr. Bartlett's favorite hymns, the tears meanwhile running down his cheeks. In a minute or two the company were startled to see the dying man rise in his bed and with great effort sing to Post's accompaniment. 'He sang,' says Dr. Gilbert, 'better than ever before, three or four hymns, his listeners looking on in amazement.'

"In a few minutes he sank back exhausted and fell into a stupor, from which he was again aroused at the sound of the piano, the familiar music proving more potent than all the other stimulants combined. Again he attempted to sing, but the water which had accumulated in the bronchial tubes overflowed into the wind-pipe, causing dropsy of the lungs or strangulation, and the singer fell back dead."

I.

SING for me the air I loved
When youth and strength were mine;
That air, which oft my solace proved,
Will soothe my life's decline.

II.

'Twill lift my soul from earthly scenes,
'Twill ease my spirit's pain,
And wing my thoughts as treasured dreams
To childhood's days again.

III.

The chord was struck of long ago,
 The chord whose tone was love,
And minstrel-vision seemed aglow,
 Illumined from above.

IV.

The quickening thrill each sense improves
 As lightning in the sky,
And life's first love to concert moves
 A minstrel's agony.

V.

The vista of a brighter clime,
 Lit up by happier years,
Responsive to the inspiring chime,
 Suffuses him in tears.

VI.

And as the strain's soft notes advanced,
 The pathos deeper stirred,
Till lo! his spirit, all entranced,
 Accompanying is heard.

VII.

No happier strain in cadence broke,
No sweeter melody ;
The harmony which thence awoke
Seemed angel symphony.

VIII.

Diviner toned the minstrel's breath
As he drew near to part ;
For sacred song inspires at death
The music-loving heart.

IX.

With mind aglow and tears aflow,
With soul to rapture moved,
The bard invokes the Lord of hosts,
Whom fondly first he loved.

X.

No effort knew the minstrel's will
Love's genial spark had fired,
For Heaven gave the impassioned thrill
Its kindred pulse inspired.

XI.

As morn advances forth to noon,
To zenith's dazzling glow;
As Sol recedes in festive bloom,
Elsewhere his charms to show;

XII.

As petals, wafted from their stem
By wind or fitful shower,
Still bear their treasured pods with them
To garner Flora's bower,

XIII.

The minstrel's raptured soul's refrain
Heralded coming joy
Where bliss supernal ever reigns,
Unleavened by alloy;

XIV.

Where anthem's swell, a concert grand,
Transports with jubilee,
And vision of God's favored land
Dissolves in ecstasy.

XV.

And thus with pathos from above
He sang as ne'er before ;
But, minstrel true to song and love,
He mounted to adore.



Elegiac.

NOW, Death our home hath shaded,
Our cheeks are bathed with tears ;
For a rose hath drooped and faded,
Our joy these many years,
And proved a blissful treasure
When other joys were gone,
Imparting sunshine's pleasure
To hearts all sad and lone.
But kindlier skies await it,
And richer robe of bloom,
Where love and grace translate it
Beyond the reach of gloom.
There angels hie to meet it,
Resplendent in their sheen,

And hail, as erst they greet it,
The fragrance of their queen :
The virtuous choice aroma
Of virginal purity,
The dower of signal honor
'Mid saintly galaxy.
And Heaven smiles benignly,
There blooms a rose so fair,
Where flowers all grow divinely
Which may with it compare.
What though our rose seems faded ?
'Tis fated not to die ;
For God hath surely made it
To bloom beyond the sky.



Contentment.

I.

CONTENTMENT is the boon I'll seek
In every age and clime,
For it inspires a spirit meek
That makes the soul sublime.

II.

It recks not here contention's strife,
But virtue's mean pursues,
That conquers all the ills of life
Which man himself subdues.

III.

How poignant e'er affection's loss,
The heart should be resigned,
For Heaven crowns the martyr's cross
Which patience hath enshrined.

The Voice of Ireland.

TO CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, THE ILLUSTRIOUS CHAMPION OF HIS COUNTRY'S CAUSE AGAINST ENGLAND'S VILE, EXTERMINATING CODE, AND THE EQUALLY BARBAROUS LEGISLATION OF GLADSTONE'S LEGERDEMAIN GOVERNMENT.

I.

ACCURSED be the minions of vile usurpation
Who riot and revel on Erin's fair strand,
Who live but for rapine, to despoil a nation,
And propagate terror with tyranny's brand.

II.

Behold the rude vulture, with talons distended,
How ruthless he clutches the choice of the fold!
'Tis thus the rude Saxon on Erin descended,
And preyed on her altars, her lands, and her gold.

III.

Lo! Freedom shrieks loud in wild tribulation,
Her shrine unpolluted by vampires o'erthrown;
Religion breathes low in mute consternation
To view the dread orgies by foeman begun!

IV.

No more of the glories that crowned the past ages,
When Peace boasted triumphs in science and in song;

No more of the trophies decreed but to sages
Victorious for ever in combating wrong.

v.

But Erin, oh! Erin, though sorrow surrounds thee,
And Britain's fell legions thy valleys profane,
Thy virtue's bright sheen as a diadem crowns thee,
Thy faith and thy hope still unconquered remain!

vi.

Let Saxon rejoice in godless pollution
That knows but dishonor and perfidy's shame;
Soon, soon comes the day of just retribution,
When the nations shall rise to honor thy name;

VII.

When Freedom exultant, on Victory's pinion,
Shall hie to her throne on thy fair emerald shore,
Proclaiming, throughout her reconquered dominion,
That Tyranny's lordlings shall curse thee no more.

VIII.

For Heaven hath heard the voice of thy wailing,
Its vengeance hath smitten *that* cormorant horde,
And raised up a David, with virtue prevailing,
To slay thy Goliah where its God *is* adored.

IX.

Then faithful abiding, brave champion of Erin,
Still fight the good fight that endears thee to Fame.

Thy country applauds thee, her green banner rearing;
Generations unborn will yet hallow thy name,

X.

And Glory, admiring, accord thee choice honor,
The fairest, the brightest that patriot e'er won,
Emblazoning thy name on humanity's banner
With the laurel-crowned wreath of a favorite son.

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